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UPON THE ROCKS.

(Captain Edwin F. Ludwig in 'New York War Cry.')

'Upon the rocks!' rings out the cry;
The vessel groans, and lifted high,
By wave on wave, cannot withstand
Their power, and on the rocky strand
Is driven, there to quivering lie.

But what of those who, longing, try
From wave-washed deck some help to spy;
A clinging, praying, helpless band,
Upon the rocks?

Is there no hope, must they all die?
Praise God! their awful plight some eye
Hath seen; the lifeboat fully manned
Hath left its station on the sand,
Their lives to save, who hopeless sigh
Upon the rocks.

'Upon the rocks!' the awful end
To which all sinful courses tend;
Tho' at the start they seem so fair,
So bright with promise, and the glare
Doth hide the dangers that impend.

O blinded soul! Sin ne'er can send
Thee aught of good, it will but rend
From thee all peace, all hope, e'en there
Upon the rocks.

But Christ is near, and He's thy friend;
If thou wilt ask, He will extend
His help, will save thy soul, will share
With thee His peace beyond compare,
If from thy heart doth rise a prayer,
Upon the rocks.

After the Revival.

(J. N. Ervin in 'Ram's Horn.')

They have just had a revival at Fuller's Station. The church here has not had such an ingathering for many a year. The minister who preaches there has been preaching powerful sermons to the unconverted, and has been visiting everybody and talking religion till the whole village has been stirred. Every person has been going to church, the groups that used to sit about the stove in the grocery and spin their yarns and those who used to borrow the heat from the stove at the railway station and the usual little gossiping circles of the small parlors all gave up their usual occupation to go to church. Nor was the revival a mere artificial spasm of emotion. The law and the Gospel were proclaimed in unmistakable tones, and men saw and believed. The first Sunday in February was a glad day in that church. The great company of new converts were all there. The village church was crowded to a jam. The recent additions seemed a congregation in themselves as they came out publicly that day, more than fifty of them. That night they had a jubilee service, and then the pastor announced that the revival services were concluded. Monday night the church bell did not ring, and about the usual church time the middle-aged men began to drop into the grocery as they used to do. They were all members of this same church which had felt such a revival. They filled up the chairs and drew up the empty boxes and perched themselves on the counter and the heads of barrels. Naturally they fell into a discussion of what had created the latest commotion in the community. They discussed brother Samson's powerful sermons, and the terrible things he had said to the wicked. They could not see how anybody could resist his preaching of the Gospel. They talked about other revivals which they could remember in that church and other churches. They talked about the scene of the day before and how long it had been since their church had had such a congregation as they had just now. Then they individually found

some fault with the preacher. He was a powerful man, but he was too hard on some sins. Here there was a wide diversity of opinion. The two brethren on the end of the counter winked at each other when the brother next the stove said he did not believe the preacher had any Scripture for saying that a man who was always late at church would be too late to get to heaven. The speaker, of course, never was known to be early at the house of God. The grocer himself did not believe the preacher was interpreting the Sermon on the Mount right when he said that a man who measured out sand for sugar here would get something beside heaven measured out to him at last. But they soon turned from the preacher to the converts. 'If anybody had told me that Bill Williams would join our church I would not have believed him.' 'If anybody should tell me now that he will be a church member in six months from this time I would not believe him.' 'I suppose the Lord could convert such a lazy fellow as Tom Phipps, and they do say that he has been working ever since he was converted, but in my opinion he is converted to get the church to keep him.' 'Still, I don't think so much of that as I do of Sam Stofer, who didn't join the church for anything except to get all of us to hire him to do our painting.' 'Who expects such a proverbial old swearer as Jonas Overbeck to quit swearing and behave himself like a church member?' 'And I don't believe that any of that whole dozen of young boys had any idea what a church member ought to be. I should not be surprised if half of them would live to disgrace the church and the preacher.' 'For my part, I think the preacher was too careless about receiving people into the church. He did not seem to care whether they would stick or not if he could only get them in. I don't believe that very many of them will be any account in the church.' And so they talked till ten o'clock, when one of them, getting up and yawning, gave the signal for adjournment, saying, at the same time, 'Well, we can only wait and see whether they will stick or not.'

That same evening the grocer's wife was getting lonely by her fireside, when there came a rap at the door, and soon after that another and another, and a group of half-a-dozen women were gathered in her cozy dining-room. 'I declare,' she said to her friends, 'I have not seen you for six weeks except at church. I have been at church every night for so long, that I get lonesome as soon as I sit down at home.' 'I think so too,' replied one, 'I seem more of a stranger at home than I do at church.' 'Yes, but what a big day we had yesterday. Who would ever have thought that our church could have fifty members at once?' 'The quantity is good enough, if you don't say anything about the quality,' said one member of the group, with a sarcastic tone. 'That's so, I don't know how brother Samson expects all those people to feel at home among us. He ought to know that some of them are not our kind of people. They can come to church if they want to and welcome, but I, for one, can't notice them any farther.' 'O well, there is one consolation, it is likely that there will not very many of them last long. After the first excitement is worn off, they will soon quit coming to church and go back to their old life again. It's a pity, too, that something can't be done for such people. I suppose there might be something like a training class for young Christians instituted, but who wants to take time and the pains for such a thankless task as that.' 'I agree with you there. I suppose some people need religion just as bad as anybody, but it is too bad to try to mix them all up with us who are respectable. I believe in giving them a chance to stick, since they are in the church, but I can't see that there is any hope for them.'

And so they talked till the grocer had locked up his grocery and come home for the night, when they, too, adjourned, having talked religion, as they thought, all evening. As they were scattering to their homes, they met the young members of their families, church members too, who had been sitting about the fire at the railway station joking with the agent. The agent said, 'I hear that some of the boys on the other side of town joined your church.' 'Yes,' they answered, 'but we don't have anything more to do with them than we ever had. They can look out for themselves, and we will look out for ourselves. You don't need to think that we recognize them just because they have joined our church.' Just then one of these new converts dropped into the office for a little business and recognized all the young men who belonged to the church in which he was feeling a fresh interest. He smiled and spoke. They smiled at each other and silently got up and left the office. He saw it all, and felt a perceptible chill on his new enthusiasm that very moment. Many of these people strolled past the pastor's residence that night and looked at the light in his study window, little suspecting that he was inside vexing himself with the same thoughts which had been in their minds. He thought of all these new converts one by one. They were but children in this new household. Would they have the reception a new child ought to have? Would these older saints be nursing fathers and nursing mothers to them. Would they receive them as a family rejoices and cherishes the infant which God has sent into their home. Then he went down on his knees and prayed. 'O, thou great Head of the Church, look thou in mercy upon this flock of thine. Put thou wisdom and affection in the heart of all these they people, that they may care for those whom thou hast sent to be trained for holiness and heaven. Grant that all thy saints may walk before these so as to set them an example of how a saint ought to walk. May they be filled with Christian kindness and courtesy so that they may be able to help them in a time of perplexity. If any of these young converts become weak and faint, may those who are older strengthen them and bring them again into the right way. May this church welcome them to a church of warm piety and helpfulness. And thus may we guard against all the wiles of the devil, so that none of these who have put their hand to the plough shall look back. We know how strong the attractions of the world will be to them. We pray that the fidelity of thy people may counteract all those attractions.' But the converts were disappointed in the reception which they had hoped to meet. They did not consider themselves very welcome. If they went wrong, they found Christians intolerant of them and uncharitable. After a long time many of them had gone back again into the world. The people said:

'I told you so.' And some of them said: 'It is the preacher's fault, he had no business taking some of those people into the church.' I doubt not that when the final estimate is given the sentence will read: 'They were driven out of the church by the indifference and uncharitableness of its members.' And how many a revival has had its results marred in precisely the same way.

Dayton, Ky.

A Barbarous Custom.

Though the 'fashion' of tattooing among boys and young men has fortunately gone out to a great extent, there are still some who consider it fine and manly to have themselves decorated with figures and emblems. How completely barbarous this practice is may be learned from the writings of travellers. The most savage races have been most given to tattooing, and the practice seems curiously associated with cannibalism.

The Fijians were tattooers in their barbarous period, but were surpassed in this 'art' by the New Zealanders, who also undoubtedly practised cannibalism. Elaborate tattooing was among them a mark of honor, and chiefs were decorated after the fashion illustrated in the accompanying picture, which was taken from a tatooed head in the British Museum.

This may well be called the logical conclusion of tattooing. If it is beautiful or desirable to decorate any part of the person

in this painful way, it must be beautiful to 'improve' the face in the same manner.

Among the Moaris, or New Zealanders, there were two classes who were exempt from this 'embellishment.' One of these consisted of the slaves, and the others were the women of the ordinary class. Both slaves and women were despised, and not deemed worthy of the honor of tattooing. Only women of high rank were permitted to have a scroll embroidered, as it were, on each side of the chin.

The sort of savagery that went with this custom may be inferred from a startling fact in the early history of the colony of New Zealand. The chiefs learned that elaborately tattooed heads brought a price from collectors for the British Museum and other European museums of anthropology. Never until then had Maori slaves been tattooed; but now the chiefs had slaves decorated with their own lordly designs, in order that they might cut off their heads and sell them to the European collectors.—'Youth's Companion.'

Our Hero Missionaries.

'God is the source of their secret strength,
They trust in Him, and they see at length
That morn is breaking after the night,
And the harvest-fields are gold and white,
While shines around them God's fadeless light.

'But who shall follow where they have led?
Who live and labor and love instead?
Oh, hearts of youth, earth waits for you;
Be strong and brave, be firm and true,
Faithfully promise, and nobly do!'
—'Pilgrim.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Li'le Shaver.

(M. B. Manwell in 'Sunday at Home.')

'Each hour comes with some little faggot of God's will fastened upon its back.'—Faber.

It was a rough bit of the coastline, none rougher for miles upshore or downshore.

'Happen I might ha' done wiser not to stick like a limpet to the old place!' sometimes Nat Bray musingly told himself aloud, when the sullen, roaring seas broke over the beach, and the overbearing waves, with a grand disdain for puny man, rolled in their tons of water right up to and beyond his cottage, then with a like slow sweep of contempt rolled back to sea again.

'"Tis home though, Nat, my dear, and when ye think deep 'tis not we, for sure, that picks and chooses the spots, here, there, and elsewhere, on this earth where we take root. There's bound to be a meanin' in wheresoever we find ourselves set down to live our lives.'

Lyddy Bray, Nat's wife, was a thoughtful woman. She was no great favourite with the other women of the fishing hamlet of Shorehaven—a sparse collection of thatched cottages huddled close together for company on the sea-board. Lyddy was too silent to please the loquacious wives who aired themselves, coney-wise, in the sun at their hut doors, scuttling back into the grim, dark interiors at the sight of the first distant brown sail on the horizon, in a mad hurry to redd up the house-place before the men beached their boats. That was not Lyddy's way; and to stand out conspicuously from your human surroundings is not the surest means of winning popularity.

But Lyddy suited Nat, and he turned over the kernel in her last words respectfully enough, considering he was her lord and master.

'I take it that you mean there's some'ut special like in our being set down hereabouts,' he took out his pipe to say after slowly ruminating. 'Can't say as I see it, my lass. 'Tis a matter o' nigh fifteen year sin' you and me buckled to and settled in Shorehaven, and what's come o't, I ask you?'

'You forget the li'le shaver, Nat!' softly said Lyddy, and her steel knitting-needles flew round the woollen heel she was shaping, a heel much too small for any foot of stalwart Nat Bray's.

A pause. Then the fisherman's large, far-reaching laugh rang out over the waters in front of the cottage door where husband and wife sat for a brief spell of rest at sundown.

'So I did! So I did, Lyddy! God never gave you and me a li'le child of our own, but the winds and the waves sent us one, thanks be!' he ended reverently. 'Whatever'd life been to we, lass, wi'out the li'le shaver—bless him!'

Lyddy smiled.

'An' s'pose we hadn't ha' settled down in Shorehaven?' she said quietly.

'I see,' said Nat briefly. 'And that's why ye called the li'le shaver "Barnabas"?'

'Yes; that's why. Barnabas, "the son o' consolation."'

A long silence followed, and the knitting-needles flew round the heel in flashes.

Out on the tumbling waters, the face of the deep, which Nat watched ever unflaggingly in his waking hours, and dreamed of in his sleep, was changing rapidly. A shrill wind had been rising steadily for the last half-hour. A persistent greyness was crawling over all things, blotting out the flaming purples of the sunset. And as he watched, Nat's brows drew together.

'Some'ut's coming over!' Lyddy looked up presently to observe.

'Ay! There's dirty weather out beyond there.

"When the wind's in the south
The rain's in its mouth."

Hilloa! my lad!' Nat broke off to shout, and his sea-blue eyes dilated under his bushy black eyebrows.

There was an answering whoop from the shore; a noisy rush over the crackling shingle; a mixed confusion of wind-milling legs and arms; a scramble to the feet of Nat and Lyddy, all of which resolved itself into a boy, as what else in nature could it be?

'Goin' out to-night, dad?' was the breathless question.

'Not so sure as I am, Barney. 'Tis promisin' to be a dirty night.' Nat's eyes were back on the sea again, piercing the grey veil looming close now to shore. 'If so be as the wind shifts to the south-west, we shall catch a whole gale, if not a hurricane. There, didn' I say so.'

A sharp yell, almost human, slithering and sighing down into a wail ending in a low sobbing, came out of the grey pall.

Nat sprang to his feet, and bent eagerly forward as if to tackle with the new-born tempest, and an angry spray, fiercely driven inland, splashed on his brown cheekbone.

'So! A dirty night 'twill be!'

'God help anything out there!' said Lyddy, under her breath; then she sighed with a sudden relief. The storm had come in a flash as it were, but her man, her Nat, was on shore safe at her side.

Well might Lyddy Bray commend to God's mercy anything—human or otherwise—out in the grey wall of mist, for under the tumbling, boiling waters lay cruel, treacherous rocks—a long reef—on which had ridden to its death many a doomed craft.

It was there that the foreign steamer went down, thirteen years ago, when the half-drowned babe, lashed to a plank by a woman's long embroidered, silk scarf, was washed on the beach exactly below Nat's cottage. The babe was now Barney—a veritable 'son of consolation' to the childless mother—Barney, the agile lad capering before her, whose name might as well have been Mercury, such a restless pickle was he.

'Dad!' he was saying, 'the boats are all going out; they're going round the Head to fish on the lee side. I've been helping!'

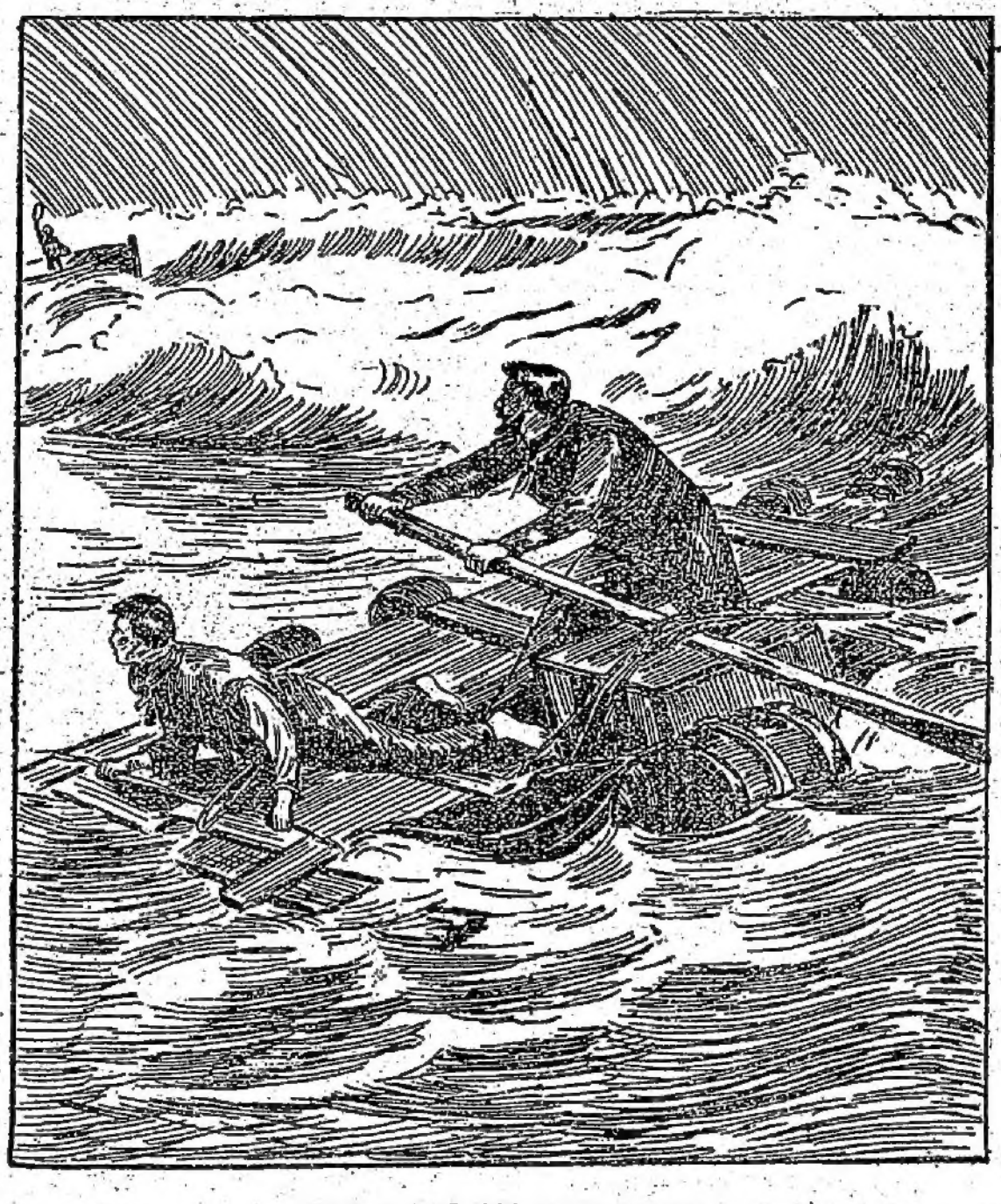
'Be they?' said Nat, slowly. 'Well, I dunno' that I'll go wi' them. Some'uts pulling me not to!'

'Then, don't, 'ee!' hastily put in Lyddy. 'Them silent voices and them twitchings back they've a meaning that we don't heed as we had ought to. Seems to me that 'stead o' looking for the finger o' God to p'int the way, we're that keerful to look aside; we don't want to see it, 'cos we've got so every day like, driving ahead on our own road, not his. Nat, ye'll bide at home to-night?' she finished earnestly.

'I mean to, my lass!' briefly said Nat, knocking the ashes out of his pipe on the low sea-wall between the cottage and the beach. Then he silently watched the handful of fishing-boats setting forth, in spite of the grim outlook.

'"Tis but a squall. 'Twill go as it comed!' the fishermen told each other hopefully as they fought their way round the Head.

But they were wrong. As the night deep-



THE LAST ON THE RAFT.

ened the wind grew stronger, and the sea was a smothering mass of foam.

In one cottage window after another, the women of Shorehaven, with paling faces, each set her beacon-light—a candle. Even Lyddy, thanking God softly that no man of hers was in the teeth of the shrieking gale outside, placed her candle, likewise, in the window. It was all they could do, these women, whose allotted place in the scale of creation it was to weep, the while men worked—for them.

'Where's dad, Barney?' presently demanded Lyddy, turning from the window.

'Gone to look after the boat, mother,' the boy lying prone in front of the cheery peat fire looked up to say.

It was Saturday night, and Barney was softly gabbling over his next day's Bible lesson, which the little lad tramped over the downs, every Sunday, to say in the class held in the nearest village.

Something, he never could tell what, though Lyddy had no doubts on the subject, put a strong pressure, that 'dirty' night on Nat Bray. With the sense of being a mere tool, at the beck and guidance of a brain other than his own, Nat dragged his fishing-boat close to the water's edge.

Then he waited restlessly, he knew not for what.

The tempest had reached its apex; it was not increasing, but, on the other hand, it raged as fiercely. His eyes were powerless to pierce the wild hurly-burly on the deep, and the salt spray cut his face angrily.

Boom!

Faint and smothered it came at last. That sound Nat was unconsciously waiting for, and, with a bound, he rushed back to the cottage, where Barney, wide-eyed and startled, was on his feet. Lyddy's hands were tightly clasped, as were her lips, she could only watch Nat pitchforking on his oilskins and sou'-wester, then his sea boots.

'Now then, Barney, lad!' Nat's voice was a saw in its harshness, and a frozen cry died on Lyddy's lips.

'Oh, Nat, not——Barney, not the li'le shaver!'

'Lass! don't you hear human souls are being done to death on the reef out yonder, and you, who will pray to your God to save their lives, wouldn't lend a hand to help him do it! You want him to do all the hard work while you and yours sit at home at ease! I tell ye he is calling me to this, and I can't go single-handed, Barney must come to steer. There's not a man in Shorehaven this night save myself!'

While Nat was speaking he rapidly adjusted the 'li'le shaver's' oilskin about the slim, small body.

Boom!

There it was again crawling to shore, that piteous, urgent cry for human help. The house-place swam round and round Lyddy, and when her eyes saw clear again she was alone.

It was for this work, then, her Nat had hung back from setting out with his mates who were safe round the Head! God needed him! Then it pressed home to this woman with the dull force of truth that Nat had said rightly. Her religion, her faith, was of the safe sit-at-home-at-ease sort. With her man and their little shaver, as they loved to call him, who was dear to both as any flesh and blood, safe within touch, Lyddy was ready to crave God's help; yea, she would clamour for it, forgetting that—

'Tis God gives still,
But not without men's hands.'

And when he deigned to want her Nat and her Barney as his instruments, she would fain have held them back.

Down on her knees outside in the whirl of the blasts knelt Lyddy praying and waiting. Now and again one of the women folk who had fearfully watched the launching of the boat would steal up and touch her compassionately.

But Lyddy was motionless. Over and over her lips silently formed the same words: 'Father! keep thine everlasting arms round my two!'

It might have been hours—it seemed like weeks to Lyddy—until something stirred the kneeling woman.

'I see them!' came a shrill cry. 'The boat's makin' for the shore!'

But even then she could not rise; she dare not lift her eyes to look. Nearer and nearer, battling its way through the churning mass of white foam, a background against which it loomed black, came the lumbering boat.

'They're bound to be nigh drowned, and they'll want hot water an' hot bricks the first thing!' said a voice meaningly; a woman wiser than the others held up her hand to silence the offers of the rest. The kindly ruse succeeded. In a moment Lyddy staggered to her feet; her womanly instincts alert, she fled into the house-place to have all things ready for succor.

'Well, lass!'

It was Nat himself, bare-headed, and sheets of water dripping from every point of his person. In his arms he carried an equally dripping burden. Lyddy's heart stopped its beats until the gleam in Nat's blue eyes told her what she ached to know.

'Here's the li'le shaver all safe! Gi' him a warm sup, and he'll do.'

With a dumb thanksgiving Lyddy put her arm round her two; then she took Barney into them.

'Oh, mother, I was frighted!' whispered the boy, as he clung to her neck when she had laid him down.

'He's a brave li'le man. I couldn't ha' done wi'out Barney. And, my lass, I'm goin' to bring in to you the only poor chap we could save; he is alive, but sore spent. He was just about gone when we hauled him in.'

'And the rest?' asked Lyddy, fearfully.

'Gone to the bottom, lock, stock and barrel; there's but one saved, whoever he may be!'

It was a week after. The stranger whom Nat and the brave 'li'le shaver' saved had come through a severe bout in Lyddy Bray's hastily made up spare bed. There were times when the thoughtful young doctor from the village where Barney went to Sunday-school, believed that his patient must slip through his fingers.

But an iron constitution scored a victory, and Aaron Forster, the stranger 'entertained unawares,' rose up at last, and crept to the sea-front.

Then the story came out.

The hapless vessel wrecked on the reef with all hands was a schooner-yacht, the owner thereof being the said Aaron Forster.

'You see, friends, I'm a man comfortably off, made my pile in fact, and I'm not above telling how. I'm Australian born, of English parents, and I have been all my life in the pearling trade, in the old days when pearling was pearling, and no red tape about it, and my father was in the business also. For years I have had my own luggers and diving-plant. I dare say that's all Greek to you good people, but you'll understand me when I tell you that I have made a tidy fortune. I never married, never had time. Lately, when I was down in Sydney, I fancied a handsome yacht I saw in Sydney Harbor. She was a picture, the sweetest craft in the harbor—and Sydney Harbor's the pick of creation for natural beauty, I tell you. Well, I bought that yacht, and my first cruise was to the old country that I'd never seen. I'd no object, but it was terribly lonesome in the old home since father died, and Clemmy, my only sister, was lost at sea, she and her husband and her child. That's thirteen years ago—who on earth is that?' the stranger broke off to ask nervously.

'I'm Barney,' said a fresh, shrill voice, and the 'li'le shaver' approached on his hands, his feet careering in the air. 'I was on the boat that night with dad!' added the boy, turning right side up, and looking Aaron Forster frankly in the face.

'Barney? Barney who?' An eager light leaped into the eyes regarding the 'li'le shaver.'

Then Nat, in a few words, told the boy's brief history.

'Thirteen years ago!' slowly said the stranger after a dead pause. 'Was there nothing on the child, nothing at all to indicate who his belongings were?'

'Nothing!' said Lyddy, with an infectious tremble caught from the stranger. 'Only the scarf that lashed him to the plank, a long, silk, flower-worked scarf.'

'Flower-worked! Clemmy, my sister, was a rare hand with her needle,' the stranger muttered uneasily. 'And—and, if ever a child had his mother's face, feature for feature, and the same goldy hair, this little chap has got our Clemmy's.' Aaron Forster pushed back Barney's short curls.

'I belong to dad and mother!' sturdily began the boy. But Nat and Lyddy gazed at each with questioning eyes.

'Very well!' faltered Lyddy, in answer to a something, unspoken but peremptory, in Nat's face. 'I'll fetch it!'

Presently Aaron Forster was peering at a long, soft silk scarf, thickly embroidered at its ends.

'It's Clemmy's work, stich for stitch!' he looked up at last to say. 'She was just about clever with her needle. Poor lass, she picked up the knowledge naturally; she called it her art, and always worked her initials in the corner of every finished bit as painters do pictures; it was one of her pretty jokes, she was full of them. But I can't find "C.F." on this.'

'Then, happen it's none o' your Clemmy's work!' said Lyddy, an eager flash of hope lighting up her face.

'Let the li'le shaver look for 't; his eyes are the youngest,' Nat braced himself to say with a judicial air. There should be no hedging or hiding in the matter. Let the stranger prove his case—if he could.

Barney, with an elated flush of importance, peered among the sea-faded roses stitched on the silk, Aaron's eyes devouring him the while. This boy was Clemmy's all over, call it a miracle or what you like. That was her very preparatory shake of the yellow curls, and the same old puckering of the soft red mouth that ended—in Barney—in a whistle and a shout.

'There 'tis! "C.F."; under that leaf at the end!'

And there it was! Lyddy gave one quick look. Then shut her eyes tight. Her ears she could not shut.

'I want no further proof!' Aaron Forster was saying didactically. 'This boy'—he placed his hands solemnly on the slim little shoulders—'is the child of our Clemmy and Will Archdale, the Englishman she married. His was a queer story, too. The sea has been mixed up with me and mine always. When Clemmy and I were children mother

died, and father, fair beside himself with grief, tore up the roots of the old home she had made so happy. He left the Trading Company and took us off to a distant settlement, where he set up a pearling station of his own. On our way a storm struck up; such a storm as you Britishers can't picture without knowing the South Seas. We only came in for the tail end of it, but 'twas enough. Others feared worse. We sighted a big lumbering raft in mid-ocean, and when the boat our craft sent out at once reached it they found on it a man and a lad, desperate, starving, nigh insane, more wolves than human beings. They were the leavings of a shipwrecked emigrant vessel that had been knocked about for days and then gone down. When the raft left the shipside it was crowded, but, one by one, men and women, were washed off by the wild seas the raft had shipped, leaving only a boatswain, who clung grimly to life, and a little lad, who was lashed to the planks. That lad, the only one saved out of an entire family of emigrants, was Will Archdale, and that's how he came into our lives. Father took a fancy to him and adopted the boy. He was as smart a chap as ever you saw, and when little Clemmy grew to be a woman she gave him her heart, and they were married. A year later we pearlers had prospered so that Will set up an independent diving-plant. When money comes rolling into one's life —as it sometimes does—it stirs up restlessness. Nothing would satisfy Will but he must take Clemmy and their baby-boy to the old country on a visit.

'Some folk must be born to be drowned, and Will Archdale was one.

'From what you tell me, friends, his bones and poor Clemmy's are lying out yonder at the Reef. But for God's mercy in sending you to my help, mine would have lain beside them in the hungry maw of the sea that has taken so much from us—taken and given!' Aaron put his hand on the crisp curls that poor drowned Clemmy had left behind her—on the 'li'le shaver's' head.

It took days and nights for the dazed pair, Nat and Lyddy, to realize the give and take of the sea.

"Leave Shorehaven!' they cried, when Aaron proposed that they should return to Queensland with himself.

'Let's all go back together,' he said cheerfully. 'Why, what's gold good for but to spend?'

Leave Shorehaven!

The handful of fishing huts constituted the world to Nat and his wife. They stoutly refused. Then they faltered, for Aaron's arm went quietly round Barney's neck, and they knew what that implied, as Aaron meant they should.

'The li'le shaver is all we have, me and the wife,' Nat whispered hoarsely.

'And he's all I want!' tersely said Aaron.

If the Almighty had taken unto himself, in a stroke, the little life that made their earthly sunshine, Nat and Lyddy would have forced their shaking lips to say, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord,' after admitting that it was the Lord who had taken as well as who had given. But this—it was giving away out of their lives the 'li'le shaver,' warm and living; they were paralyzed.

'Lyddy, my lass,' said Nat, when they two were alone, 'dost remember sayin' as we are all so keerful to look aside for fear we see the finger o' God p'inting the way?'

When he had said that, Lyddy knew Nat was the first to yield. 'It all do seem to fit in like a pattern,' he went on, shamfacedly; then, plucking up, he added: 'An' it's all the sea's doin' from beginning to end.'

'No, Nat!' the humbled Lyddy lifted her head to say bravely. 'Tis God's own doin' I begin to see, and we'll not say him nay. Happen he will be as near to us out away at t'other end o' the earth as here at Shorehaven!'

They said no more in words, and Aaron Forster arranged the rest. A stalwart God-fearing man such as Nat Bray would be God-sent in any clime, and the wealthy pearler knew the worth of such.

So once again the sea was trusted, and, as if ashamed of its sullen storms in the past, it smiled on the little band of four on their way to the great Colony.

To-day, on one of the stately hills that look down upon the blue waters of that magic dream-picture, Sydney Harbor, is the splendid home Aaron Forster's pearling has built for him in his old days. From it he can watch, dancing lightly on the glancing waves, his brand new yacht, 'The Li'le Shaver.' Its commander is the Englishman whose eyes hang out, in their vivid sea-blue, the flag of the old Viking blood, Nat Bray.

The 'li'le shaver' himself—for whom great things are in store, seeing he will, one day, be master of all—is busy preparing at college for his future position. He is the apple of Aaron's eye as well as his heir. The warm rush of his youth breaks up the ice-bound stillnesses of age, and to the old man the lad is, also, the 'son of consolation.'

And Lyddy? She, likewise, has found her niche in the new world. Lyddy is Aaron Forster's trusted housekeeper, set up over his stately home to guide it; a real treasure, his friends tell him, whose price is 'far above rubies.' She herself, content and full of humble joy in the 'pleasant places' that nowadays are hers, has come to know and to say, in her own fashion, what a great poet, a mouthpiece of humanity, has said for us in language that at first hearing sounds wanting in reverence, but is not, because we know God can do all things. But we also know he wills that we, small and human as we are, should be helpers as well as believers in the great scheme of life. Therefore, it is a truth, to be humbly received, that—

. . . not God Himself can make man's best
Without best men to help Him.'

Don't Make the Wrinkles Deeper.

(Mrs. Frank A. Breck in 'Christian Herald.')

Is father's eyesight growing dim,
  His form a little lower?
Is mother's hair a little grey,
  Her step a little slower?
Is life's hill growing hard to climb?
  Make not their pathway steeper,
Smooth out the furrows on their brows,
  O do not make them deeper.

There's nothing makes a face so young,
  As joy, youth's fairest token;
And nothing makes a face grow old,
  Like hearts that have been broken.
Take heed lest deeds of thine should make
  Thy mother be a weeper;
Stamp peace upon a father's brow,
  Don't make the wrinkles deeper.

In doubtful pathways do not go,
  Be tempted not to wander;
Grieve not the hearts that love you so,
  But make their love grow fonder.
Much have thy parents borne for thee,
  Be now their tender keeper;
And let them lean upon thy love,
  Don't make the wrinkles deeper.

Be lavish with thy loving deeds,
  Be patient, true and tender;
And make the path that age-ward leads,
  Aglow with earthly splendor.
Some day, thy dear ones, stricken low,
  Must yield to death, the reaper;
And you will then be glad to know
  You made no wrinkles deeper.

'Here I am, Mother.'

(Thorpe Greenleaf in 'Union Signal.')

In 1884 I was in one of the Ohio river counties of western Kentucky, and for some weeks stopped at a hotel where a young civil engineer had headquarters. Harry Gendrin was one of those mellow, open natures who have popularity for a birthright, and was soon a favorite in the town and hotel. He liked to come into my room and sing. His voice was a deep bass; my room-mate, Manis, sang a part that I was never musical enough to name; Harry's room-mate, Jervis, sang a rich tenor; and I tried to carry the air. We sang 'Suwanee River,' 'Old Kentucky Home,' and such pieces occasionally, but the old hymn tunes were best adapted to our style of quartette, and I am obliged to say that we made some good music on 'Old Hundred,' 'Sessions,' 'Coronation,' and like pieces.

On one occasion we sang, 'Where is my Boy To-night?' and at its conclusion Harry said:

'If you care to hear the story I will tell you where I first heard that song.'

'Tell it by all means,' said the rest of us.

'I will have to begin by saying that until recently I was a pretty reckless chap. My father has always been a railway prospector and surveyor, and I have been with him in camp ever since I was a mere kid. He is a good man, the leader of a choir in Evettsburg, where my mother frequently sings solos. I never hope to hear anything this side the glory gates that will satisfy me as well as my mother's voice in the First Cumberland Church, at Evettsburg.

'Father was not careful enough about my companions in camp, and soon I had drifted a long way from the right. But I learned his business, and when I was about eighteen years old he put me to work on one of his jobs. The pay was not large, but it was nearly all clear money, and I was too young to understand the proper disposal of so much. I got into the habit of spreeing when I went to Evettsburg, or when father was not in camp. I managed to conceal the most of my bad conduct from him, while mother never suspected my wild ways, although her pastor and three-fourths of the congregation were well acquainted with my shortcomings.

'Well, when I was about twenty, we reached a point in a job where we had been two weeks in the rain and mud, and got to the end of a section one Thursday noon. Father said that we would have to lay off until the next Monday morning because his plans for the next section were not matured. I determined then and there to put in the best part of the next three days at Evettsburg, on a great old jamboree. So I walked back to the terminus, and the two o'clock freight bumped and banged me forty miles to Evettsburg. Here I disappeared in a saloon down town, and was soon oblivious to surrounding events. The saloon-keeper was careful that my whereabouts should be kept quiet, and bundled me into his own living rooms when I became unable to care for myself.

'Father stayed at his job preparing the next week's work until Saturday afternoon, when he went to Evettsburg to be present at his choir meeting at seven in the evening. His train was delayed, and he went directly from the depot to the church. By a strange destiny, it seemed, mother was selected to sing, "Where is my Boy To-night?" for the evening service.

'On the way home father asked for me, and mother replied that she had not seen me. They both became very uneasy, father with an inkling of the truth, mother with all sorts of nameless dreads. As I did not turn up that night father started a private

policeman on a search for me next morning before breakfast. He unearthed me and got me to a hotel, where a servant was feed to sober me up. The policeman then went to report, but as my father was not at home, the whole miserable truth came out to my mother. He said as he was leaving:

'"Mrs. Gendrin, I would advise you not to go to Harry to-day. He will be all right to-morrow morning, and you can see him before he starts back to camp. You would only be needlessly distressed at what you would see to-day, and you can do him no good now. If possible, I will get him home to-night after supper."'

'Mother promised that she would not try to see me until I should be sober, and went to the morning service. Father came to me early after noon, but I was sleeping heavily and he thought it best not to disturb me. When I awoke, about five o'clock in the afternoon, I was duly sober, but had a raging headache. When I learned that it was Sunday I knew that my spree was at an end, so I called for a cup of strong coffee. While drinking it I heard from the policeman that mother knew everything.

'I was terribly cut up about it, and my mother's sorrow-laden face arose before me with great distinctness as I sat on the edge of that hotel bed. What with that face and my conscience, you can easily believe that the next few hours were simply awful. Then the church bell rang, and at the sound I aroused myself and said:

'"Mason, I'm going to church."

'"Where-at, Harry?"

'"At the First Cumberland."

'"You are in pretty rough shape for church."

'"Yes, but I haven't time to go home and put on more suitable clothes. I will sit under the gallery behind a column and will not be noticed. You must go with me to steer me safely past the rum shops, for it is very important that I keep straight, as I have to go to work again to-morrow."

'Mason smiled, but answered that he would go with me.

'I had on my corduroy surveying togs and a wool shirt. The servant brushed me up, but I must have looked pretty rough when Mason and I slipped quietly into a side entrance, and took seats in a secluded corner, but near the pulpit and choir. I was greatly agitated by entirey new sensations, and felt that a critical point in my career was at hand.

'There were very few in the room when I entered, but in twenty minutes the immense auditorium was packed, for Dr. Darby was then in the height of his popularity, and drew immensely.

'After the opening prayer, my mother rose to sing her solo. This was my principal reason for coming, but I had no idea of what she was going to sing. She had sung it a time or two, and it was now by request of several that she was to sing it again. She would, if possible, have avoided it after the morning's developments, but she had been announced in all the papers and nothing new had been rehearsed, so she must, perforce, sing what surely lacerated her soul at very word. As I have already told you, it was the first time I had heard it.

'At the first line, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" the audience, who knew all the sad truth, was wonderfully affected. Mother did not dream that I was present, but supposed I was yet in the hotel. All her gentle, patient, loving nature stood revealed in the painful moan of those first words. Oh, how I hated myself for making it possible that she should sing those words from the heart. I dropped my head in my hands, and rocked like a tree shaken by the wind.

'Every word struck deeper and deeper into my soul. I began to pray. I asked God to forgive me for bruising that tender, loving mother's heart. I called myself an ingrate, a matricide, for her tones impressed my incoherent brain with the thought that she was dying. The refrain, peculiarly composed, as you know, gives the impression of a wail, and when she reached it the second time, I thought I should shriek aloud.

'Then I remembered that I had sinned, not only against mother, but against God. I asked his pardon and got it, just as she reached the last stanza:

'"Go for my wandering boy to-night;
Go search for him where you will;
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still."

'Then came the refrain:

'"O where is my boy to-night?
O where is my boy to-night?"

'When she sang that second "where," with all the emphasis her genius, her longing, her mother-heart could give it, the agony of her soul seemed so great that it irresistibly drew me to my feet, and I walked up the aisle toward her with my arms outstretched. Further words died on my lips; the organist ceased playing, and in wondering surprise, turned to look at my mother. For the briefest moment silence reigned, then I sobbed like any child:

'"Here I am, mother."

'How could a carefully studied melodrama have been better acted? Mother came hastily down the choir steps and folded me in her arms. Then Dr. Darby seized one hand and father took the other. The organist struck the chords of "Old Hundred," and almost as one voice, the congregation burst into the doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and I think they sang it about ten times while they were shaking hands with me.

'All that was more than two years ago. I date a different life from that night.'

'But you have never heard the song under quite such dramatic circumstances, Harry.'

'I am not so sure about that. I heard my own words to my mother repeated last summer under vastly different circumstances, though perhaps you will say they were as remarkable as what I have just related.

'Last summer I was making a "horseback survey" in south-eastern Kentucky. A local preacher, by the name of Logan, was guiding me, and I was to stay at his house one night.

'Several days previous he had come upon a party of gamblers in the woods. His son Thomas was one of the number, but he had impartially reported all of them to the grand jury; they had heard of it, and had been in hiding ever since. With Spartan-like determination, he had resolved that his son should suffer with the rest, but his wife was deeply grieved at the circumstance, and felt indignant that a father should immolate a son in any such way.

'I knew nothing of these facts when Mr. Logan and I reached his house. I could see that all relations were not thoroughly cordial, but could not surmise the disturbing cause.

'After supper we sat in the soft, June moonlight, and Mr. Logan asked me to sing. Mrs. Logan was sitting farthest out in the yard near the "office," as the boys' building in some Southern front yards is called.

'After several other pieces, I thought of "Where is my boy to-night?" My mind reverted to that blessed Sunday night in Evettsburg, and my mother's longing seemed to fill my own soul, so that the singing was particularly expressive. We were in a "cove," where rocky precipices hung near, and my words seemed to climb the cliffs and enter all their gloomy crevices and caverns with the wild, despairing query of the weird refrain. I don't think I was "stuck on my own voice," but I could not help knowing that I was singing well, and I felt a fine exhilaration in the surroundings.

'Mr. and Mrs. Logan were facing me, and did not see what I saw as I started on the last stanza. A young man walked from the shadow of the fir tree to the office. He lifted his finger in warning to me, and I proceeded with the singing as though nothing had happened, but watched him narrowly, although I could not believe that he meant harm when acting so openly. He stood still in the shadow of the office until I finished.

'There was silence for a moment, then Mrs. Logan arose in a bewildered way, tossed her arms wildly and moaned, not loud, but with searching, penetrating force, "Oh, where is my boy to-night?"

'The figure in the shadow cried aloud the words, "Here I am, mother!"

'She turned as Logan and I sprang to our feet. "Tommy! Tommy!" she murmured, as the strong, young fellow folded her in a filial embrace!

'Logan said, as severely as possible: "Young man, do you know that you are wanted by the grand jury?"

'"Yes, father; but the song I just heard and mother's heart-breaking wail determined me to stand my trial and pay the penalty like a man. I was skulking near the house in order to get provisions to keep me until after the court would adjourn. Now I will stay here to-night, and tomorrow I will go to town and plead guilty. Then I shall never gamble again, please God."

'"Amen," said the father, and the son added, "Mother, you will never again have to ask in earnest, 'Where is my boy to-night?'"'

The Heron's Nest.

(Emma M. Long in 'The Independent.')

Down in the sedge, by the river
That flows from the south to the west,
By the iris'-blue pennants, a-quived,
There builded a heron her nest.
With hay from the lowland meadow,
With twig from the forest tree,
With moss from the woodland shadow,
She wrought it cunningly.
Then, with mother love, she brooded above,
And—hark! to the children three.

With the mists of the dawn upcurling
In vaporous wreaths to the sky,
The heron, her wings unfurling,
Went forth from her children's cry.
'When the lamps,' she said, 'of Heaven
Shall burn o'er the land and the sea,
In the cool of the dewy even
To my home I will hasten me.'
Then, in search of food, went she from her brood,
And—alas! for the children three.

The eve was fled, and the stars had burned them
Adown to their sockets' edge.
The dawn was chill, and the nestlings turned them
In lone unrest in the sedge.
But home no more came the heron ever,
From over the land and the sea;
Through the even song, and the dawning, never
In all the years came she;
For the bullet had sped, and the heron dead,
Lay—afar from the children three.

Correspondence

Caledonia, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a temperance boy, and have signed the pledge against liquor, swearing and tobacco. The summer before last I collected for the Indian Famine Fund, and got about $5.00. I go to Sunday-school regularly, and last Christmas I got a hymn-book for a present from Sunday-school. I live in the country, and in the summer I raise pop-corn and sunflowers. I take the 'Messenger' all myself. I have an aunt by Lake Erie, and this summer I went there for a visit, and when I came home I saw a boat on the lake drifting away.

ROY (aged 10).

Saco, Montana, U.S.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen any letters from this part of Montana, so I thought I would write one to you. My papa is in the stock business, and ships his beef to Chicago every fall. He used to be a cowboy. I have six head of cattle myself, and they run with papa's bunch. There are two cows (one two-year-old and one yearling) and two calves. All but one are so wild, I can't get near them. I go to school every day. My only pet is a dear little baby sister, six months old. I have taken the 'Messenger' for about a year, and would like to subscribe again.

DOROTHY EDNA (aged 7).

Brudnell, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—Brudnell is a very pretty place; we live near the river. My father is miller of Brudnell Mills, and he keeps the post-office. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. In the winter we skate, and in the summer we bathe and row. We have a row-boat and an English flag.

MELL H.

Barnston, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—You wanted to know whether your readers are Christians. I do not belong to any church, but I go to the Baptist Church. I have given my heart to Jesus, and have accepted him as my Lord and Saviour. Will you please send me one blank form for subscribers' names. I have got two subscribers' names. I think the premiums that you offer are very nice. 'Lena M.H.,' aged ten, wrote a letter, and is just the same age and has the same initials as me, and 'Lou' is the same.

LENA MABEL H. (aged 10).

Burleigh, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I don't go to school now, as it is closed for the winter. I had a good time on Christmas. There was a tea in the Temperance Hall in Apsley, and our missionary, Mr. Sharp, gave a lecture about Manitoba and the North-West. My grandfather lives on a farm. I have two brothers and one sister. I am a member of the Band of Hope, but I live too far away to attend regularly. We are going to get badges for the members as soon as we can. We intend having a Christmas tree for the Band of Hope soon.

MAGGIE (aged 11).

Wales, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for about fifteen years. I think it is a very nice paper. My brother W' 'a is five years older than me. I have a ...e dog by the name of Range. The name of the place I live in is 'Wales,' because the Prince of Wales got off the train here and went out to the landing, and this was the first Canadian soil he touched. Wishing you a Happy New Year,

COLLIE (aged 13).

Adler, North Dakota, U.S.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for three years, and like it very much, especially since the correspondence column started. My mamma used to read it when she was a little girl and lived in Canada. I live on a farm, and enjoy it very much, especially in summer time. I have a pony, and sometimes I ride it after the cows.

NELLIE (aged 9).

Church Point, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for as long as I can remember, and I like it very much. I have four sisters and one brother. We live near the seashore, and have lovely time bathing in the summer. We have a lot of fishing here in the winter, and in the summer too.

LAURA MARJORIE (aged 9).

Guinea City, Ohio, U.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in Southern Ohio. I have three brothers and two sisters. My oldest brother is a captain in the Salvation Army. My oldest sister is married, and has a sweet little baby girl two weeks old. I like to go to Sunday-school. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' five years, our cousin, who lives in Sheffield, N.B., sent it to her, and we like it so much we want always to take it.

CHARLIE M. L. (aged 9).

Briggs Corner, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have a sister, but she is away to Fredericton, going to school; she is thirteen. I have a bicycle to go to school on in summer. There is a mill here that saws lumber. I have a little dog named Carlo; he is about four months old. There is quite a large school here.

CALVIN S. (aged 10).

Sutton, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live in a parsonage, as my papa is a minister. We came here from Ontario a year ago last June. We have lots of mountains around us; two of them are named Round Top and Pinnacle. I have two sisters. I like to read the letters in the 'Messenger.'

WINIFRED M. (aged 8).

Russell.

Dear Editor,—I have a dog and a little colt named Prince. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for about two years, and we like it very much. I always read the Little Folks' Page first. I have two sisters and one brother. My father is a farmer.

CLARENCE (aged 11).

Union Road, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—My eldest brother takes the 'Messenger.' We like it very much, especially the correspondence. We live on a farm. I have a dog named Bruce, and my little brother has a cat named Bessie. As this is my birthday, I send you this letter.

HUBERT W. (aged 8).

Relessey, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and five brothers. We live near the church, and have Sunday-school in the summer, but not in the winter. We have a good large Sunday-school here, and we are all sorry when it closes. We had a crow, and it would bark like a dog and eat out of our hands, and sometimes came to church and stood on the window and looked in.

EDITH (aged 10)

North-East Point, Cape Island, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have a dog; his name is Grant. We have two kittens, one is named Dewey; we have two cats, one is named Nig and the other Mollie. The dog hauls us in winter. One of my brothers keeps a store. I do not go to school. We have two cows and one pig. We live near the shore; it is a very pretty place.

ROSEY E. C.

Northport, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and enjoy reading it very much. I like to read the Little Folks' Page. We look for its coming every week. We live a quarter of a mile from the post-office. I have two brothers and two sisters. We have a graded school here.

J. LOUISA B. (aged 12).

Randolph Center, Vt.

Dear Editor,—As I have all my work done for the day, I will write to you. There are seventeen scholars in our school. I live close to the schoolhouse, on a farm about five miles from the town of Randolph, and two miles from the centre. We have six cats; two of the youngest kittens play hide and seek, and it is fun to watch them. Wishing you and all your readers a Happy New Year,

SADIE L. (aged 11).

Preston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Mother has been taking the 'Messenger' for eleven years. She would not be without it for three times the price. I attend the Presbyterian Sabbath-school. I just have one pet, a rabbit, and it is always digging holes, trying to get out of its pen. My father is a tailor. I often help him, but I don't think I will ever be one. Preston is a very pretty place in summer, and has good mineral baths.

THEODORE (aged 11).

North River, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and two brothers. My father is a veterinary surgeon. We keep one horse, one cow, ten hens and three colts. I have three ducks, and their names are William, Alexander and Edward. I have a silver watch, and it keeps good time. I got a prize last winter for going to school the most.

MYRON H. (aged 11).

Eburne, Sea Island, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I have been much interested in the correspondence, but have never attempted to write until now. I thought a few lines from this distant place might be of interest to some of your readers. I live on a farm on Sea Island, near the mouth of the great, 'Mighty Fraser River,' where it empties into the Gulf of Georgia. This island is three miles long and two miles wide, and is very fertile. Things grow very luxuriantly, and fruit of all kinds is plentiful. It is very pleasant in summer, and mild in winter. We don't often have snow here. I go to school every day, and, like some of the rest of your writers, I have several pets. But I am more interested in my studies and books. I have two brothers and one sister younger than I. We have Sabbath-school during the summer months, and just now we are preparing for our annual Christmas tree. The 'Witness' and 'Messenger' are old friends in our house. We hail their coming with delight.

PEARL (aged 12).

Brandon, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have just seen one letter from our home. Brandon is a very pretty place, on the bank of the Assiniboine River. There are many fine buildings.

We have a large central schoolhouse, with sixteen teachers, and a kindergarten. Then there are three ward schools and Brandon College. There are four churches, and the Methodist, to which we go, has a mission-school down on the flats. Across the river is the Experimental Farm and Asylum. My mother says the first reading she ever did was in the 'Messenger.' I have three sisters and two brothers.

NELLIE (aged 8).

Maxville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for fourteen years, and I like it very well. I would like to tell all the little boys and girls how nice it is to meet with two grandpas and two grandmas on a Christmas day, and all my little cousins too. I belong to the Mission Band.

ALEX. (aged 8).

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not written to you for a long time. I lived in Ionia, Michigan. You see, I was a little Yankee, for I was born in the United States. We moved to London a short time ago. It seems so queer to be writing to my little friends. I used to have nothing much to say in my letters, but now I have hardly room to put in all I want to say. Ionia is a little place, and there is no market there. I went to market with my mamma the other day. It was a good way to walk, for we live out in London South. The market was so crowded, and the little pigs were squeeling. I had only seen two baby pigs before that. Mamma took me to school soon after we arrived here, so I would not lose any time. The principal was very nice. I like him very much. He introduced me to the teacher as a 'small specimen.' My teacher's name is Miss Johnstone. I sit with Grace R. I think she is very nice. At Christmas time we had an entertainment in one room and a tree in the other. I was in the entertainment. There were about four besides myself in the part I was in. We hung up our stockings, and Santa Claus filled them. We each got an apple in our stockings. We all put presents on the tree for each other. My sisters have gone to visit on a farm ten miles away. I think I shall like Canada very much. It seemed so queer when the children sang 'God Save the Queen' at Christmas. I had never heard it sung before.

ANNIE (aged 10).

Very Far North.

Mothers and fathers in all ages and in all parts of the world, have made toys for their children. Generally, among savage races, the fathers make only such playthings as the boys can use as they become old enough to imitate the life and acts of men. The mothers make toys for the girls and very small children. An Esquimau mother in her fur wraps may look an unpromising toy-maker. But everything that an Esquimau woman does in the way of cutting, fitting and sewing, is most beautifully done. In making an Esquimau doll, every stitch is neat and perfect, yet the needle is a bit of bird bone, and the thread a strip of sinew.

The little Esquimau baby spends the first months of his life in the amowt, or hood of his mother's dress—a place warm and cosy, especially made for him, where he happily snuggles day and night. He never has to cry for his mother; he is always hanging there, right against the back of her neck, and her fur collar is a nice 'kitty' for him to play with. She gives him, also, the small hand or forearm bone of a seal to suck and drum with, on her head if he likes; and perhaps a chain of seal or deer teeth, strung on sinew. By-and-by he is nearly two, and can play on the floor of the igloo, or the wide fur-heaped shelf that is bed and seat for everyone.

His little sister has a doll, and a needle and thread for sewing. Mother now binds bones together, and makes her boy-baby a sledge; she binds and braids whalebone slips into little shovels, just like big people's shovels, for cutting snow. The boy-child finds his way to the igloo, and then he loves the dogs and has his favorites. Out of doors he builds miniature igloos.

At last his father makes him a sledge, a little dogskin harness, and gives him a puppy to train. His sister is promoted to sit in a big igloo, beside the smoky lamp, and chew skins and hides with the women, to make garments. They don't 'play tea' or 'have a picnic,' but their mother sees that the children get treats of nice lumps of bird fat and seal blubber. If the boy Esquimau is of a family that wanders near a station, and a missionary gets him into a school, some day he may be given a real knife, some nails, a few buttons—best of all, a stub of lead pencil and a sheet of paper; the paper he puts in a skin bag, the pencil is tied to a sinew string, and hung about his neck; these things are more precious than gold. All the family touch with respect the 'stick that marks.'

'See, that is my name!' says the boy, pointing.

Great awe and joy. 'Make mine,' says his father.

But no; so far he has only learned to make his own name. He counts heads. 'We are five—here, I can make five; see!'

Oh! amazing.

'We have forty dogs,' says the mother; 'make the forty dogs.

But no; he has not learned yet to make forty.

However, it is a comfort to have a son that can make five, and write his name.—'Silver Link.'

A Grandmother Party.

(Bertha E. Bush in 'Mayflower.')

It was too bad that Maidie was not invited to the party. All her brothers and sisters were going except the baby.

'Course the baby's too little,' said Maidie with a toss of her curly head, 'but I don't think I am. I'm seven next month.'

But she was a sunny little maiden, and instead of wasting time in fretting, planned a party of her own with baby and grandma.

'I'll write invitations on my little note paper,' she said. 'And, oh! we'll call it a grandmother party and all wear caps and spectacurls and tell stories.'

It took all her time out of school to print the invitations. When they were done they looked like this:—

GranDmothEr Party.

PleaS cum to mi party tomorow anD Ware your caPs anD glasses.

MaiDie harDy.

Maidie was so busy and so happy getting ready that she forgot to feel sorry when the other children went off looking very nice in their best clothes and wishing that they might take their bright little sister with them.

It was hard to get the cap and spectacles on the baby, who bobbed them off from her funny little head as fast as Maidie put them on; but at last it was done and two tiny old women knocked at grandma's door.

Grandma was all dressed in her best to receive them—such a dear grandma!—and had two little rocking-chairs and one big one drawn up before the fire.

First they played 'Ring around a rosy' for the baby. Then they sat down and told a story apiece. Grandma told a long one about when she was a little girl, and Maidie told one about when she was a little girl.

Then the baby hopped around the room and told this one which came into her head just at this moment:

'Baby saw 'itty wobin in tree top. Baby say, "Tum down, play wiv me." So 'itty wobin tum, take baby's bofe hands, go wound, wound, sing,

'Wing awound a wosy,
Pottet full of posy,
Who love best?'

Baby say, "Love papa best." 'Itty wobin say, "Love baby best." Then 'itty wobin fly away.'

'Now we will have tea,' said Maidie, and she brought in her little table set with cambric tea and bread and butter in little squares.

Just then there was a knock and in came Maria with three dishes of ice cream and cake.

'I thought I would add my share to the party, too,' said grandma, while Maidie jumped up and down and said, 'Oh! oh! oh!' and the baby

did just like Maidie, without knowing why.

'It has been the nicest party I ever went to,' said Maidie, as she kissed grandma good-night.

'I think it has been the nicest party I ever went to, too,' said grandma, 'because a cheerful little girl made it so.'

A Braxe Chinese Boy.

Dr. Griffith John, the eminent English missionary, who has labored long in China, sends the following story from Hankow:

'A little Chinese boy who had been to a Christian school, had made up his mind that he would worship idols no more. Some of his relations were very angry because of this, and were determined to force him to worship them. They beat him, but it was of no use. One day they took him to a temple and tried to force him to go on his knees and knock his head to the idol, but he stoutly refused.

'At last they threatened to throw him into the river, which was flowing near by. "Throw me," he said, "if you like; but I will never worship wood and stone again. Jesus is the true Saviour, and I will worship him only." They took hold of him and threw him into the water. One of his relatives, however, rushed after him and picked him up again. When out of the water the first thing he said was, "You have not succeeded. While in the water I never prayed to the idols; I only prayed to Jesus." A brave little boy, that! May you all be as brave —brave for God; brave for Jesus; brave for righteousness; brave for the missionary cause; brave for the salvation of the world. Such bravery will make you a great power for good.'—'Child's Paper.'

Standing Alone.

Dorothy and her mother were gardening. A tall pole to which many strings were fastened stood in the middle of a plot planted with sweet peas. 'What are all those strings for,' Dorothy asked.

Her mother said: 'To help the vines grow and bear blossoms. They cannot stand alone, and we must give them something on which to climb.'

Every day Dorothy looked to see how far the vines had climbed. 'O,' said Dorothy, one day, 'look at this poor vine down in the path.'

'I am afraid it let go of the string,' answered her mother.

'O, I know,' said Dorothy. 'It thought it could stand alone, and it just fell down, down.'

'Yes, and the rain washed over it, which keeps it down. Suppose we put it up against the string and let it try again; maybe it will stretch out its little threadlike fingers and take hold.'

So Dorothy lifted the drooping vine into its place, and as she left it she called out: 'Good-bye, little vine; don't you ever let go again, or you will be spoiled.'

Her mother said: 'When people, who ought to trust God, forget him and try to stand alone, they are like that foolish vine.'—'Sunday Hour.'

Questions.

(Faith Latimer in 'Buds of Promise.')

Why do these children, all about one age, look so different?

Because born in different countries.

Could you tell by their face or dress to what nation they belong?

The one dressed in fur must have come from a land of ice and snow.

Which is the merriest and queerest one of all?

The little colored child.

Can they all learn to sing such hymns as you know; and understand the lesson stories of Jesus and his love?

Yes, it is for them too; for Jesus came to save the world.

Were these promises for different nations to be saved?

Yes, Peter preached that all who love and fear Jesus should be accepted by him.

Where did Peter first preach salvation for every creature?

At the house of Cornelius, a Roman soldier, who sent for him to tell him of Jesus.

Can you do anything to help such far-away children as these to hear of Jesus and learn the sweet verses and songs that you know? Do you ever try to help the teachers who go across the ocean to distant lands to have schools and teach all the good news of the Gospel?

When you drop your money in your little collection-box in the Sunday-school class, do you think it may help to buy books and send teachers. When you have your own spending money that you have saved or earned, will you divide it and give part for Jesus' sake, and to do some work for him?

Silver Prayers.

Down in Mexico, if you go into the churches you will see the strangest little things made of silver, hanging around the images of Jesus Christ; one is a little silver leg, another a silver arm, another a tiny silver baby, or a silver mule. These little images are meant for prayers that broken arms or legs may be mended, or sick babies cured, or lost or stolen mules brought back. The poor people do not know that the gifts of God are without money and without price, and so they try to bribe him to hear and answer them.

One of the missionaries says that many sad-faced women go into these churches, but their faces are just as sad when they come out. That is because they only know these wooden Christs, and not the real saviour, who is the Light of the world.—'Mayflower.'

It was only a little acorn
That fell from the bough of a tree.
'Of what use are you?' said the wind and the rain,
As they buried it up in the lea;
But a giant oak sprang up to tell
Of the spot where the little acorn fell.
—'Waif.'

'Dead—Dead—Dead!'

('Light in the Home.')

Saunders, the gardener at the vicarage, was not a drunkard—he was a 'soaker.' Evening after evening he spent at the Wheatsheaf by the cross-roads, and, though he imbibed unlimited quantities of beer, he always walked home with a steady step and but slightly muddled brain.

'Fifteen pots wouldn't do for me!' was his nightly boast.

The villagers, and particularly Tom Gurney, the groom, who succumbed under a pint and a-half, to his great disgust, envied Will Saunders.

Will Saunders was exceedingly self-righteous. He considered himself a very model character, and, despised others who, from physical reasons and mental weakness, had not his strong head.

'There's Tom Gurney,' he would say, from his accustomed seat in the chimney-corner. 'He must go and mak' a beeast of hissen with 'arf a point or so. 'e oughter be ashimed of hissen!'

Saunders was cutting the ivy which threw an evergreen mantle around the old walls of the vicarage, as if to shield its ancient sides from the coming cold. He was proud of his skill in trimming it round the windows and deftly snipping off the decaying leaves.

'Dead—dead—dead!' he grunted at every snip of his shears. 'Dead—dead—dead!' he repeated, leaning from his ladder to trim the farther side.

'Those are solemn words,' said his mistress, as she passed the open window.

'Solemn enough, mum,' said Saunders, hardly liking the application.

'Dead in trespasses and sins,' added the lady. 'You remember that is the description given in the Bible of every man before the Lord Jesus Christ has been received by him as his own personal Saviour.'

'I remember,' replied Saunders, gruffly, though he did not remember at all.

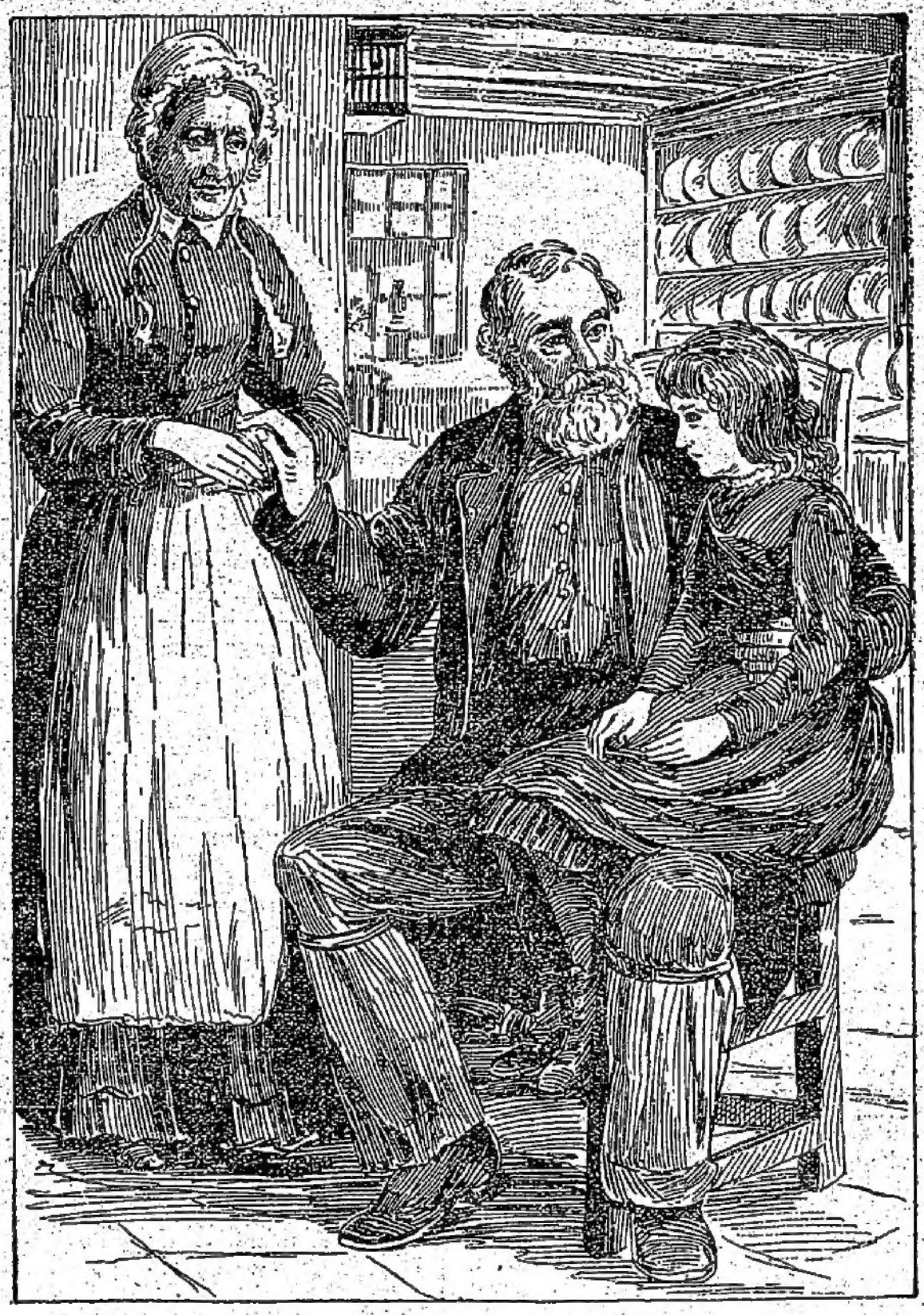
The vicar's wife left him without saying any more and Saunders continued his work. But he did not continue his muttered comment, 'Dead—dead—dead!' He tried his best to forget those words, but without success; they beat time to the cut of the shears, 'Dead—dead—dead!' The clippers seemed to be endowed with a voice, and every time they closed to repeat, as if they would mock him, 'Dead—dead—dead!'

'Look out, Bill—I'm a-coming down!' he suddenly called out to the lad who kept the ladder steady. 'A change of work's a good thing, lad,' said he. 'I'll do an hour at that digging, and you be off and cart that manure, and be quick about it!'

But if Saunders imagined by this change of occupation to baffle his tormentor and forget those words, he was sadly disappointed. Every time he drove his spade in with a clink it said, 'Dead!' and every time he turned the earth over with a thud it echoed, 'Dead!' Even when he drew the wooden cleaner from his trowser-band and scraped the earth from the spade, the sound adapted itself to those same words, and dinned into his ears, 'Dead—dead—dead!'

'I just wish missis would mind her own business,' he growled aloud.

'What's she been up to now?' asked Bill.



'He from his mother godly truths had learnt,
Which to his child himself in turn hands on.'

'You be off! Ain't you done that there manure yet? You 'ave! Then why didn't you say so? Come and help me pull the machine and run over that bit of lawn; it wants doing this fornit.'

'Ain't you going to finish the hivy? Missis won't like to see that half finished.'

'You mind your own business. You lads is so cheeky. I's master here, not you.'

They were soon propelling the machine swiftly over the lawn with a 'whirr, whirr, whirr.' But in a moment the whirling wheel seemed endowed with a voice, and the 'whirr, whirr, whirr' changed into 'Dead—dead—d-e-a-d!'

'I can't bear it no longer,' said Saunders, wiping his brow. 'It's possessed.'

'What's possessed?' asked Bill.

'Never you mind. Only I—p'raps we'd better finish that clipping afore missis worrits us.'

Bill could not make out what was up with Saunders this morning. He thought that perhaps he had been drinking more than his usual quantity last night, and it might be prudent to humor him, so he meekly followed the elder man to the ladder, and held it while he ascended.

Will Saunders had no sooner commenced to clip than he flung the shears down with an impatient growl.

'Look out!' cried Bill. 'That warn't so fur from my 'ed.'

'I wish it 'ad 'it it, then!' replied Saunders crossly. 'But I say, Bill, wot does "dead of trespasses and sins" mean?'

'All sinners,' said Bill, briefly.

'I ain't no sinner. I's never be'n drunk nor thieved.'

'Sinner all the same,' said the laconic Bill.

'Bill, wot's that Bible-class missis 'as like?'

'Good,' said Bill.

The vicar's wife was astonished when Saunders shuffled in a little late next Sunday and joined her Bible-class. True, she had often prayed for him, but the answer was a joyful surprise. But a greater joy was in store for her when he gradually abandoned the Wheatsheaf, regularly presented himself on a Sunday afternoon, and finally, with much hesitation, confessed a great inward change.

'I ain't dead—dead—dead now, mum; I's alive—alive—alive!'—H. D. Lampen.

The stewards of the Methodist church at Albertsville, Ala., finding their church revenues insufficient, have levied an annual tax of ten dollars on each member of the congregation who chews tobacco. The plan is said to work admirably.

LESSON V.—JAN. 29.

Christ at Jacob's Well.

John iv., 5-15. Memory verses, 13-15. Study chapter iv., 1-42.

Golden Text.

'Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst.'—John iv., 14.

Home Readings

M. John iv., 5-15.—Christ at Jacob's Well.
T. John iv., 16-26.—True worship.
W. John iv., 17-38.—Christ the Revealer.
T. John iv., 39-42.—Samaritans believing.
F. Rev. xxii., 1-7.—The Water of Life.
S. Isa. lv., 17.—Without price.
S. Isaiah xii.—Well of Salvation.

Lesson Story.

After the wonderful conversation between Jesus and Nicodemus, our Lord did not stay very long in Jerusalem. He took his disciples into Judea, and when the Pharisees tried to stir up trouble between his followers and those of John the Baptist, Jesus left the country altogether.

Their way to Galilee led through the country of Samaria, and they came to Sychar, a city little less than half-way between Jerusalem and Cana of Galilee, in an almost straight line north. It was the very piece of ground upon which Jacob had dug a well over seventeen hundred years before, and which had been the heritage of the children of his son Joseph. The well still remained, and held very good water. It was quite a little distance from the city, and our Saviour sat down beside it to rest while his disciples went into the town to buy food. As he was sitting there a Samaritan woman came to the well to draw water, and Jesus asked her to give him a drink of water. This was a very common request in that land; nevertheless, the woman was filled with astonishment that this Man should speak to her at all, for he was evidently a Jew. She asked him how it was, reminding him that the Jews, as a rule, had no friendly dealings with the Samaritans.

Jesus replied, 'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.' The woman probably pondered this statement for some time before she replied. Evidently understanding that Jesus was no ordinary man, and seeking for further explanation, she asked whence he had the living water, seeing that he had nothing wherewith to draw it from the deep well beside him, and whether he were greater than the patriarch Jacob, from whom the Samaritans claimed descent.

Jesus did not stop to argue with her about his greatness, he proved it. 'Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again'—that which is earthly cannot satisfy—'But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'

And the woman, dimly comprehending that this Man was indeed greater than Jacob, yet missing the real meaning of this great spiritual truth, said, 'Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw.'

Then Jesus explained to her about God the Father, and how he himself was the Gift of God, the Messiah. The woman not only herself believed, but left her waterpot and hastening to the city, brought out a great crowd of men to see and hear Jesus, and many believed on him because of her testimony, and many more believed because of his own word—'for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.'

The Bible Class

'To drink (water).'—Gen. xxi., 19; xxiv., 12-20; Matt. xxv., 35, 37, 42; Rom. xii., 20; John vii., 37; I. Cor. x., 4.

'Samaritans.'—Luke x., 30-37; xvii., 15-17; Acts i., 8; viii., 25.

'The gift of God.'—Eph. ii., 8; iii., 7; iv., 7; II. Cor. ix., 15; Jas. I., 17; Acts ii., 38; viii., 20; x., 44-48.

Suggestions.

These New Testament stories have exceedingly interesting Old Testament connections which should be studied with the lesson in order to bring out the points more clearly. The references under the heading 'Bible Class' are prepared as an aid in this direction. And not only those who ordinarily belong in the 'Bible Class' of a school, but even the most restless of the small boys often enjoy looking up references and being shown their connection with the lesson. The 'parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph' is an interesting reference to the ancient history of the Jews. (Gen. xxxiii., 18-20; Joshua xxiv., 32.)

Both this lesson and our last brought out very clearly the importance of careful work for single souls. Truly Nicodemus was a very important man and a teacher, and effort spent on him, if it bore fruit, could not be wasted. But here was a humble, sinful woman of the despised Samaritan people, what good could be accomplished by speaking to her? Jesus was tired and hungry, and needed a rest and quiet time, but he saw here a chance for his Father's work, which was to him food and sustenance, and he lost not a minute in setting to work. With rare and exquisite tact, he first asks a favor of the woman. The drinking of water is like the eating of bread in the East, a covenant of friendship for the time being. Such tactful condescension from a Jew could not but please the proud Samaritan, and make her ready to listen to anything this kindly Man should say.

From this incident we learn that a tactful beginning is half the battle in winning souls; such tact only comes from the Spirit of God. We learn also that an audience of one is worth our choicest thought and best efforts. A godly teacher may do more with an unruly scholar in half an hour's quiet personal conversation than he can do in a year with that same scholar in the midst of a large and thoughtless class.

Cultivate opportunities. Our Saviour was tired, the woman seemed unpromising as a listener, yet he did not let this opportunity pass. As a result, not only was that woman converted, but the whole city was moved and a great number were brought to believe on Jesus through her efforts.

Show your love to souls. Kindness is kingly, and loving kindness shows that you belong to the Royalty of the kingdom of heaven, a son of the God who is love.

Questions.

1. Why did Jesus go through Samaria?
2. How did the Jews treat the Samaritans?
3. Where did Jesus sit down to rest?
4. Who came to draw water?
5. What did Jesus ask for?
6. What is the gift of God?
7. What did Jesus say about 'living water?'
8. What was the result of this conversation?

Practical Points.

(By A. H. Cameron.)

Christ at Jacob's Well.—John iv., 5-15.

Christ had a special interest in Jacob; centuries before he rested at his well. Yet he who loved the renowned patriach did not despise the poor harlot (ver. 5-7). The Samaritan was surprised at the humility and humanity of Jesus (ver. 9). So much happiness and peace and power is often marred by that little word 'if' (ver. 10). The natural eye cannot behold the beauties of redeeming grace, nor can the natural heart partake of the water of life (verses 11, 12). The water of life is clear as crystal, pure as the mountain dew, sweeter than honey, and free as the air we breathe (verses 13, 14). When the woman asked to have her bodily wants supplied, she had not reached the higher plane of life where Christ is all.

Tiverton, Ont.

C. E. Topic.

Jan. 29.—God's army.—Ps. xx.,1-9. (Christian Endeavor Day.)

Junior C. E.

Jan. 29.—How shall we work for God?—Eccl. iii., 1; iv., 9, 10; v., 4; ix., 10; x., 18; xi., 1, 6; xii., 13, 14.

One Visitor's Experience.

While canvassing for members of the home department in a small country village, a visitor called at a home where lived a busy and almost discouraged mother with seven small children, and a very scanty income from the father, who worked as a section hand on the railway near by.

After explaining the object of her call and the duties of a member of the home department, the visitor asked Mrs. C. to join. The reply was, 'I should like to, for I used to attend Sabbath-school and study these lessons, and I cannot tell you how much I miss them; but I cannot go now. All I can do is to send five of my little ones, each with a penny, every Sabbath.

'Well,' the visitor replied, 'this home department was started for people situated just as you are. Won't you join?'

'My husband is an ungodly man,' replied Mrs. C., 'and I fear he would not be willing to see me spending time studying these lessons, nor to have me contribute as this envelope suggests. He always spends his Sabbaths working in the garden, or some such labor.'

The visitor explained that a contribution was not necessary under the circumstances, and urged Mrs. C. to become a member, which she did.

At the end of three months the visitor called again and was met by Mrs. C. wearing a much happier face, and anxious to tell the good news. 'My husband saw me studying my lesson quarterly,' she said, 'and asked what it was. I passed it to him, and now he is as much interested as I am, and he no longer works on Sunday. He, too, wishes to become a member of the home department. This has made a great change in our home.'

A lady who had not, for many years, attended Sabbath-school, was induced to join the home department. After studying the lessons for a short time, she one day appeared in Sabbath-school with her baby in her arms and said, 'I just wanted to come and hear to-day's lesson explained. I don't feel that I get as much out of it at home as I ought.' After this she came regularly, and the baby is now a member of the primary department.

The home department pays financially, In Camden County, a small school in the country, which was in debt and had an empty treasury, adopted the home department, and the first year, after paying all expenses for quarterlies, etc., twelve dollars was passed over to the Sabbath-school treasury of the Home Department.—'Onward.'

The Ideal Teacher.

She possesseth that subtle and mysterious gift called sympathy. She knoweth the names and conditions of her scholars, and in all she taketh a tender interest. She understandeth their dispositions; she hath no contempt for any. Therefore she draweth all towards her, and all place their confidence in her.

She is slow to wrath. She remembereth that she is also human, and therefore liable to err.

She is gentle and gracious in her bearing, for she forgetteth herself in her endeavors to set at ease them that come to her.

Her voice thrilleth as the tones of a sweet instrument — now persuasive, now high, now low, yet ever gentle and firm.

To dwell in her company is an inspiration, for she unconsciously demandeth from her scholars their best.

She is humble because she knoweth no more.

She hath an infinite patience with the dullard and the backslider. She is a mother confessor to every anxious heart. From her confessional box the downcast go away cheered, the indolent inspired, the rebellious subdued.

She is a born ruler, for she is of them who have learned to obey in their youth.

She loveth little children.

No duty to her is trivial or beneath her to do well. She loveth her work, since not for what she getteth, but for what she giveth, doth she toil.

Yet is she cheerful of spirit. The sound of laughter often issueth from her lips and calleth forth that of her scholars. That which she doeth she doeth with zest; under her teaching the burden of learning groweth lighter. . . . .

She liveth ever, for in the years to come her memory will be green, and emit a sweet fragrance in the hearts of those she taught and loved.—'Light and Leading.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Domestic Uses of Salt.

(By Sarah R. Wilcox in the 'Cultivator and Country Gentleman.')

Colored cotton fabrics will not fade by subsequent washing, if placed in boiling water to which has been added three gills of salt to every four quarts of water. Do not remove the cloth until the water is cold.

Window glass, lamps, marble and stone vases or mantels are quickly cleaned if rubbed with salt silghtly dampened. A teaspoonful of salt in a coal oil lamp makes the wick burn brighter, and give a clearer light.

Fresh ink stains on carpets or tablecloths can be removed by repeated applications of dry salt. Carpets are freshened and colors brightened if wiped with clean cloths wrung from salt water. Coarse salt sprinkled occasionally around the edge of carpets is a moth-destroyer.

Ink spots are removed from gingham by saturating them with sweet milk, then covering with salt. Salt and lemon juice will remove mildew. Soak brooms occasionally in hot salt water; they will be softer, less brittle, and will wear longer.

Heat salt ten minutes in a very hot oven. Crush fine and sift through a wire seive. Store in a covered box in a dry place, and it will not cake. This is preferable to mixing cornstarch with it, which thickens delicate dressings and soups.

Bedroom floors may be kept cool and fresh by wiping them daily with strong salt water. Microbes, moths and other insect pests are thus destroyed. Salt and camphor in cold water is an excellent disinfectant in bedrooms.

Cleanse rattan, bamboo and willow work with a brush and salt water; then rub dry with a soft cloth. Floor matting will be more pliable and less brittle if occasionally washed with salt water. Wash chamber ware with cold salt water instead of warm soapy water.

To remove egg stains from silver, rub gently with a damp cloth sprinkled with fine salt. Salt on the hands will prevent fowls and fish from slipping during the process of dressing. Salt dissolved in alcohol or ammonia will remove grease spots.

An excellent application for a sprain is the well-beaten whites of three eggs mixed with three scant tablespoonfuls of salt. A plaster of the yolk of an egg thickened with salt applied to the seat of acute pain will often relieve.

Add salt to the water in which black cotton goods are washed to prevent fading and turning brown. Rub rough flat irons over paper sprinkled thickly with salt. Lemon juice and salt will remove stains from the hands. Do not use soap immediately thereafter.

When rank vegetables, cabbage, onions, etc., or fish, have been cooked, to prevent odors from clinging to pot or pan, put a little salt on a hot stove and invert the vessel over it a few minutes. Stains on table ware and tea discolorations are removed with damp salt.

A dull or smouldering fire may be cleared for broiling by throwing over it a handful of salt. If salt is thrown on any burning substance it checks the blaze, but if sprinkled over coal makes it burn brighter, last longer and there are fewer clinkers.

Salt thrown on coals when broiling steak will prevent blazing from the dripping fat. When contents of pot or pan boil over, or are spilled, throw on salt at once. It will prevent a disagreeable odor, and the stove or range may be more readily cleaned.

Feathers and plumes straightened by damp weather or exposure to rain may be rejuvenated by shaking them over a shovel of hot coals sprinkled with salt. Fire is soon extinguished if sprayed or splashed with the following solution: ten pounds of salt, five pounds of ammonia and three and a half or four gallons of water. This should be tightly corked and kept in store where there is special danger from fire.

To clean black and burnt spiders or kettles, boil in them a little salt and vinegar, then scour vigorously with an iron dishcloth. Copper and brass may be brightened by a vigorous rubbing with a slice of lemon dipped in salt. Frozen vegetables are less impaired if placed at once in a cold salt-water bath and left in a warm place to thaw. If a teaspoonful of salt is added to a quart of milk, it will keep sweet and pure a much longer time. If the cook at any time gets a dish too sweet to suit the taste, a pinch of salt is a corrective, and vice versa.

To Cook Apples.

Apple Meringue.—There are two ways of making this. Take two cupfuls of apple sauce and add your favorite combination of spices, to this add two well-beaten eggs, bake. And finish with a meringue of the whites of two eggs, sugar and flavoring. Another method: Either tart or sweet apples may be used, pare and core. Arrange them on a well-buttered pudding dish. Fill the openings with sugar, a dot of butter, vanilla, nutmeg or cinnamon. Cover the apples with a plate, baking until tender. Make a custard of two cupfuls of hot milk, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and the yolks of two eggs. Pour over the apples and bake, only a few minutes, next add a meringue of the whites of the eggs.

Apple Snow.—Two cupfuls of grated sour apples, add five tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar during the grating, and then the whites of two eggs, and beat thoroughly. Arrange the snow in a pudding dish, pour around it a custard made of the yolks of two eggs, one cupful of hot milk, flavored, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar.

Apple Floating Island.—Make a boiled custard of the yolks of three eggs. Beat together two cupfuls of stewed apple sauce and the whites of three eggs. Place this beaten apple on the top of the custard in the form of islands.—New York 'Observer.'

Selected Recipes.

How to Cook Rice—Rice is becoming a much more popular article of food than heretofore. It is frequently substituted for potatoes at the chief meal of the day, being more nutritious and much more easily digested. At its present cost it is relatively cheaper than potatoes, oatmeal, or grain-grits of any kind. How to cook it well is no easy task. A New York firm give the following receipt: In preparing it, only just enough cold water should be poured on to prevent the rice from burning at the bottom of the pot, which should have a close-fitting cover, and with a moderate fire the rice is steamed, rather than boiled, until it is nearly done; then the cover is taken off, the surplus steam and moisture allowed to escape, and the rice turns out a mass of snow-white kernels, each separate from the other, and as much superior to the usual soggy mass, as a fine mealy potato is superior to the water-soaked article.

About Coffee—Few are the families where there is not a good pitcher rendered unsightly for the table by a broken nose or handle. After breakfast I pour off the liquid coffee into such a pitcher, thoroughly washing and drying the coffee-pot. The next time I put in fresh coffee, a tablespoonful for each person, pouring over it boiling water, and place a coffee-pot where it will boil quickly for three minutes; then, push back where it will continue to boil steadily for the same length of time. Then pour into this the cold coffee from the pitcher to settle it, instead of using cold water, and place the coffee-pot where it will come to a boiling point again. It is then ready for use, clear, hot, freshly made, and very nice. The pitcher is rinsed out and then is ready again for the coffee after breakfast, throwing away the grounds each time. Thus all the coffee is used economically, and there is no flat, warmed-up coffee, nor is it accompanied by a brackish taste, such as would generally occur where tin is used.—Cor. 'Voice.'

The 'Witness' Appreciated.

Highland Park Presbyterian Church,
Minneapolis, Minn.
McLain W. Davis, Pastor.

Jan. 7, 1899.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,

Gentlemen,—I consider the 'Witness' an ideal Daily, being in every detail what the daily press should be. Both as a news-sheet and as a moral force, it must be of inestimable value to Montreal and all Canada. I would God might grant us men to publish such papers as the 'Witness' in all our cities. The 'Witness' is a living demonstration that a paper may be a live, newsy sheet without dealing in the slops and refuse of the world; that it may be a first-class advertising medium, and yet exercise a discriminating judgment which will defeat rascality and protect its subscribers.

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Yours faithfully,
McLAIN W. DAVIS.

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